

Ficlet Collection (RarePairs)

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Ficlet Collection (RarePairs)

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

A collection of rare-pair (Hannigram) prompt fills and ficlets I've posted to my old tumblr. For Hannigram (and AU) prompt fills and ficlets see - [What Would Will Graham Do?](#)

1. Le Chiffre/Adam Raki: Eye Contact for #Hannictober prompt Fake Blood
2. Le Chiffre/Adam Raki: Point of Contact
3. Spacedogs: He Did It Again
4. Le Chiffre/Adam Raki: Mistletoe for #HanniHolidays and #Wintermurderland
5. Tristhad: The Shortest Day
6. Bev/Freddie: Naming The Source for #LadiesofHannibal Fest
7. Basic Chickens: The Prince's Bull for #HappilyEverAfter Fest

Le Chiffre/Adam Raki: Eye Contact

Chapter Summary

Eye Contact

For Hannictober 7th Fake Blood

“You... you shouldn’t put that so close to your eye.”

The small voice surprised Le Chiffre and he looked to the man next to him in the line for coffee and wondered if he had said anything at all - his eyes averted and his demeanor anxious. He was used to making people nervous but didn’t feel that he could take credit for this jittery individual.

“I beg your pardon?” His tone in response was clipped. “Did you say something?”

The man’s eyes flicked to his face and away again. “The fake blood. If it gets in your eyes it may require medical treatment.” The man was wringing his hands now.

“It is not fake. A derangement of the tear duct.” Le Chiffre raised his handkerchief and dabbed the drop of blood that had formed at the corner of his eye.

“Oh.”

The lack of apology and the bluntness of the man amused and intrigued Le Chiffre, tugging a smile at the corner of his mouth. “Why would you assume it to be fake.”

“Halloween.” Was the only reply, eyes still away.

“I see. Are you in the habit of speaking your mind to strangers?” His smile grew wider as bright blue eyes finally met his.

“A derangement of social skills.” The eyes were gone from his again but there was a soft smile.

“There is nothing to be done about my condition. But perhaps I can buy you a coffee and see if I can help with yours.” He gestured a hand to the park outside the coffee shop.

Le Chiffre had his eyes again then, and a wider smile. He drank in the vast blueness whilst he had the opportunity.

Le Chiffre/Adam Raki: Point of Contact

Chapter Summary

Sequel to Eye Contact- Adam and Le Chiffre become friends, possibly more.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the title Victorine XD <3

When he returned the next two days he didn't see the man there - Adam. They had enjoyed their coffee together in the park, during which he had been asked the kind of questions about his tear duct that most are usually too afraid to even think. The man's curiosity, open and honest, was refreshing. And Adam had seemed interested, it wasn't something he had encountered before and wanted the minute details. Le Chiffre had found himself happy to give them.

When they had finished their coffees, Adam looked at his watch and said he was going to be late back from his lunch and that this wasn't something he normally did. He'd seemed a little anxious about it so Le Chiffre had just nodded. Adam had walked quickly away before he could ask to see him again. Because he really did want to see him again. It had been a long time since anyone had taken, what seemed to be, a genuine interest in him. Someone who didn't appear to be intimidated by him. He was used to having people fawn over him or run the other way. He had quirked a smile as the man disappeared from the park, feeling strangely wistful.

The next day that feeling had grown within him to something more pressing. He wanted to see Adam again. Wanted the experience of it regardless of anything else. To converse with someone who would be honest and not hold back due to fear or repulsion, had a very great appeal only added to by the curiosity Le Chiffre held for the man.

On the third day he was able to make it to the coffee shop at a time more closely matched to the time he had met Adam there. He was hopeful that this would coincide with the man's lunchtime routine - and he had been correct. When he arrived at the coffee shop Adam was sat near the back at a table for two, intently reading what looked to be a very technical magazine. Le Chiffre felt a flutter in his chest and his lips tweaked in a smile at himself. How ridiculous it was to feel such a way.

"Adam. It is good to see you again. Do you mind if I sit?"

Adam looked up and seemed, if not nervous, vaguely put out - perhaps even irritated. He didn't look directly at Le Chiffre but clearly took in enough to recognise him.

"Oh, um. I prefer to sit alone-"

Le Chiffre pulled out the chair opposite and sat, hoping he'd get a glimpse at the eyes that had so enchanted him.

"I said I prefer to sit alone." Adam was frowning deeply and looked on edge. Le Chiffre knew he had to persevere, his instincts told him that this would be hard won, but winning was everything.

"That isn't a no." Le Chiffre smiled. Adam had opened his mouth to protest but Le Chiffre continued - "This magazine. It looks interesting."

Adam gave a small smile then. "It is interesting. To me at least. I'm reading a paper on the use of constructive interference at the Mount Wilson Observatory. They have-" He stopped himself. "It probably isn't interesting to you."

"Certainly it isn't something I am aware of, but I should imagine you can make any subject interesting." Adam's eyes raised to his then, a question there - as though checking whether he was serious or not. Le Chiffre decided to head off any questioning -

"I find you interesting Adam. I would quite like the opportunity to get to know you better. But I understand if that is not something you would be comfortable with."

Adam looked thoughtful for a moment, and then began telling Le Chiffre about telescopes.

*

For the most part of six weeks Le Chiffre saw Adam every day that he was able to get to the coffee shop at the time Adam would be there on his lunch break. It was at least several times a week, and the man warmed quickly from not being sure of Le Chiffre sitting with him, through to asking if he would like him to start ordering his coffee ahead of time so it was waiting if Le Chiffre was running late and he wouldn't have to waste time waiting in the line. They could spend the time talking together instead. And they did talk. Talk and talk, and laugh at the strangest things. They had found common ground in their interest in numbers and equations.

Le Chiffre found that the fluttering feeling he had turned quickly to something warm and bright. Something that made him want to reach across the table and take Adam's hand. Adam had explained autism on their fifth meeting and he'd read up a little. He didn't want to do anything that might make Adam uncomfortable or risk chasing him off. Even so the desire grew with each meeting.

And then Le Chiffre was unexpectedly out of town for a little over a week. Business that required his urgent attention. He considered sending someone to apologise to Adam, but they had no formal arrangement and he couldn't think of anyone in his employ that wouldn't potentially reflect badly on him or give a bad impression.

When he returned Adam had looked at him as soon as he sat down, and spoke quickly.

“I didn’t think you were coming back. I thought you might have been hurt, or I might have upset you - sometimes I can’t tell if I’ve said something wrong.” He seemed very agitated and Le Chiffre couldn’t help himself then but to reach across and put a hand on Adam’s.

“I’m sorry I worried you.”

“Maybe... Maybe we should exchange phone numbers just in case you can’t make it again. So that I don’t worry.”

Le Chiffre had nodded and smiled, finally losing Adam’s gaze though the man’s smile remained. He pulled back his hand and took out his phone.

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Le Chiffre smiled when he checked his phone. He had left the coffee shop 3 hours earlier and hadn’t expected to hear from Adam so soon. In fact he hadn’t expected to hear from him at all, he thought he would be the first to message. Not that he would abuse having Adam’s contact details - he would have only used them if he was unexpectedly away again. So he told himself.

His smile grew as he read the message.

~This is Adam Raki. Is this Jean? You gave me your number at the coffee shop

~Hi Adam, yes this is Jean. I’m happy to hear from you.

Adam got quickly to the point - that he wanted to meet him that evening in the park that they had shared the first coffee. It meant moving a meeting but he agreed immediately, the thought of seeing Adam twice in one day was warming.

A feeling that only grew when he saw Adam, wrapped in his coat and scarf, waiting on the bench they had shared. He stood when Le Chiffre arrived and spoke immediately.

“I wanted to show you something.” He started walking and Le Chiffre walked with him until they were in another part of the park altogether.

“We shouldn’t be here after hours really, but no one comes here.” Adam told him without looking up.

“A secret bad boy, Adam?” Le Chiffre smiled and enjoyed the tweak of Adam’s lips and slight shake of his head.

“It doesn’t hurt anyone.”

“No, it doesn’t.” He agreed. They continued in silence until Adam stopped them at another bench and quietly sat down. He pointed at the patch of park ahead of them and waited for whatever it was that was to happen. And what happened was simultaneous and curious.

Ahead of them raccoons appeared, and at that same moment Adam slipped a hand into his and squeezed. Le Chiffre squeezed back and felt his heart flutter.

They watched the raccoons as they scampered through the area. “They're coming back around in a little while. You wanna wait?”

“Yes.” Le Chiffre answered, his voice a little rough, his mind focused on the feel of Adam’s hand in his.

His hand was squeezed again and then pulled so that he was tugged closer to Adam. He turned away from the space the raccoons had vacated and found Adam looking at him. Adam seemed to hesitate for a moment and then he leaned in and pressed their lips together. Soft and unsure.

Le Chiffre’s breath hitched and then he kissed Adam back, deeply. When they broke apart he had Adam’s eyes for a moment, a bashful smile, before Adam looked ahead again as the raccoons returned.

“I missed you when you were gone.” Adam’s tone held the hint of something, almost a reprimand Le Chiffre suspected.

“I won’t do it again.” Le Chiffre smiled. Adam squeezed his hand.

Spacedogs: He Did It Again

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Nigel has a competency... not kink, but anytime Adam says something brilliant or does something complicated with a telescope or a computer, Nigel swoons. Which just confuses (and pleases) Adam, because he thinks of himself as anything but capable. Up to you if it's established relationship or not.

Adam was doing it again and Nigel was just... he wasn't certain what he was.

A damn fool in love for sure, but more than that. There was something about Adam, how smart he was, how effortlessly brilliant the man was that did something to him. In some ways it turned him on, but it wasn't what he'd call a kink. More that Adam being Adam just did things to him - made his chest swell and his skin tingle, it kind of made him swoon. It gave him the urge to reach out and touch or kiss him, just some sort of tangible proof that he was there. That someone so entirely out of his league was really there with him. That that someone was specifically the most amazing person he had ever met in his entire life.

Adam had been telling him about the new equipment they were setting up at the observatory, when that feeling had bubbled up. Seeing how excited his boyfriend was, made it all the more difficult to resist until he stopped resisting altogether and pulled Adam into a kiss. He hadn't really meant to, he had meant just to squeeze him gently and let him continue, but it was so hard to contain himself around Adam

He felt Adam huff into the kiss.

*

Nigel was doing it again.

Adam had been explaining how the new telescope at work was going to help them track Asteroid C1138 when he kissed him. Stopped him talking with a kiss. Adam had seen such things happen to women in romantic movies and always wondered why the women didn't get annoyed by the act. After all, they had perfectly valid things to say and the men were shutting them down really, and hoping that they wouldn't notice because it involved sex.

When Nigel finally pulled back Adam frowned at him. Enough was enough. So many times Nigel distracted him with touches or kisses when he was trying to talk about something he was interested in. He knew Adam struggled to read people, but the meaning behind this could surely only be that he wanted Adam to stop talking.

“Nigel, if you want me to not tell you about these things you should just say. I would really appreciate it if you could tell me so that I can understand. What you’re doing is confusing, and rude.”

Nigel’s face reddened which Adam wasn’t sure had ever happened before. And then he grabbed Adam’s hand and started kissing it and muttering apologies.

“I’m sorry gorgeous. I do want you to tell me, I want you to tell me everything about everything. But you must understand that when you do it... it’s the love Adam, turns me somewhat insane.”

Adam didn’t really understand and let out a sigh.

“Darling, when you get excited you want to talk and tell me all these wonderful things, well, when I get excited I want to kiss you and be near you. And you telling me all these things makes me excited because you’re just... you’re just so amazing Adam.”

Adam understood. Nigel found Adam as interesting as Adam found telescopes, and sometimes when they had new equipment Adam liked to hold it and explore it. That was how Nigel thought about him.

Adam made a small sound of realisation.

“Maybe in future you can kiss me after I finish talking?” Adam smiled, finding it strangely enjoyable when Nigel’s cheeks became red again.

Le Chiffre/Adam Raki: Mistletoe

Chapter Summary

So a Christmas follow on from the previous Le Chiffre x Adam Raki prompt fills: Turns out Le Chiffre and Adam want the same thing, Adam is maybe a bit more direct about expressing it!

Le Chiffre could see Adam was already waiting at their usual table as he did every lunch break that they were able to meet. It had been a few weeks and Jean was finding his fascination quickly becoming something different - something more, deeper.

There was that kiss in the park. Jean's chest swelled at the memory. They had spent a lot of time together since then, but he wanted to remain at a pace comfortable for Adam. They had held hands when they went to the theatre. Now and then Adam leaned in for a peck.

Through the glass door he considered the mistletoe hanging almost over the counter of the coffee shop. Another kiss would be very welcome. Perhaps on their way out they might pass under it and make use of the American tradition.

Adam looked up as he opened the door, but he looked fidgety as Jean made his way over.

"Is everything ok Adam?" He frowned as he sat.

Adam nodded. "I... I wanted to know if... Do you want to stay over after the theatre on Friday? It finishes late. So..."

"Yes." Jean replied too quickly and they both smiled.

"Good. Because I think I'd really like for us to have sex." Adam said matter of factly before taking a sip of his coffee.

"I..." Jean was wide-eyed as he licked his lips. He thought he was used to Adam's manner, but this he hadn't expected. "I would like that too."

Adam smiled at him then and it warmed him. He had no idea how he was going to think about anything other than Adam Raki until Friday. It was going to be a long week. No mistletoe required after all.

Tristhad: The Shortest Day

Chapter Summary

Tumblr Prompt: I'd very much like some festive (whatever the Samartian equivalent of Christmas is, I guess) Tristhad, please. Things I am weak for and that I will love you for including: grumpy puppy Galahad; quietly besotted Tristan; friends to lovers; first kisses. Thanks lovely

"Why must they take absolutely everything!" Galahad kicked the empty pale next to the stable door, sending it flying into an empty stall.

Tristan's horse startled but settled immediately with the man's calming hands on it's bridle as he stepped into Galahad's view.

"And what have the Romans done now to make you so grumpy, pup?" something near amusement there.

"Never mind." Galahad grumbled. He'd hoped to find Gawain to share in his misery. Or ply him with alcohol until he forgot it. Tristan was the last of the knights he had wanted to see, the one he was least friendly with. If anything their relationship could be categorised as cold at best. Galahad always suspected Tristan teased him as he had realised the silly boyhood crush Galahad had on him years before. His face burned remembering it, of course, he didn't think of Tristan that way now...

"I mind, if it is enough for you to spook my horse. She who has done nothing to you, and occasionally speaks well of you." He grinned.

Galahad looked at the knight, unsure whether he was angry or not beneath his teasing. It was always difficult to tell with Tristan - so aloof but for when he was making fun of him. The only time Galahad was ever sure how Tristan truly felt was when the man was angry and spitting his words like venom. Usually at or about the Romans. He had no more love for them than the rest of the Sarmatians.

Galahad huffed out a sigh. "Today is the Solstice."

"I am aware." Tristan responded with a raised brow.

"And yet it goes unmarked!" Galahad started to pace, still angry from this exact conversation with Lancelot ten minutes earlier. He had told him to celebrate it in his own way but away from the Romans lest it irked them. Irked them! They who were consumed with drinking and revelling already and still there were several days before their own winter celebration - the birth of their Saviour.

Tristan was stood looking at him now, his horse stabled. "And what is it you would have the Sarmatians do? They think our religion backward as it is. To celebrate our own holiday so close to theirs would only anger the fools. Are you prepared to brawl over it?"

Galahad let out another sigh, more defeated in tone now. "I just want it to be... I remember how it was when I was little. The shortest day, the darkness lit by torches to welcome in the rebirth of the Gods. Would it hurt them if we lit torches?"

"We are not in those lands anymore, pup. You must keep our Gods in your own way, don't bother the local's with it." Tristan waved a dismissive hand, which now held an apple - he turned away as he took a bite.

Galahad huffed. He had no idea why he bothered saying anything to Tristan. They barely ever spoke and when they did the man was so dismissive of him, other times bizarrely overprotective - either way treated as a child. Galahad stomped off, deciding he was better off discussing this with a jug of warm mead instead.

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Galahad had stayed only for half a cup. The overexcitable and in some cases, aggressively drunken, celebratory Romans were enough to drive him from the tavern looking for peace. He grabbed up the remainder of the jug and stalked out, wondering if he might just steal some of the torches and light them anyway - Romans be damned! He had to pass near the supply sheds so perhaps...

When he drew close to them he was still undecided, but then he could see a glow coming from behind the small hillock to the left. His bed was waiting for him just off to the right, but the glow intrigued him and he continued onward in the biting cold.

As he cleared the ridge he could see a shadowy figure lighting a torch, the last of three that had been planted in the ground. As the torch ignited he could see the man, old snow underfoot, was Tristan.

"What are you doing?" Galahad near yelled as he sloshed the mead jug at him when he reached the bottom of the incline. He had the feeling he was being made fun of but didn't quite get the joke.

"I thought I would keep the Gods with you tonight." Tristan's smile was small but warming as he looked first at Galahad and then beyond to the barracks - the windows of Galahad's quarters faced this land. He would have seen the torches from his room.

Galahad frowned. "Why?"

"Don't you know?" Tristan's smile was almost bashful which deepened Galahad's frown. What was this trick? Tristan moved closer to him, eyes cast down as he continued.

"Sometimes I forget that you were so young. Those of us who are older remember more of our lives back home, and that can make it painful to recall. Perhaps it's why we don't bluster as you do. But... You reminded me that there are things that it can be good to remember. Celebrating the Gods is as much the same as celebrating family." Tristan looked up then,

capturing Galahad's gaze as he also caught his hand. "I would keep the Gods with you every night if you would let me."

"Oh I see." Galahad bit out the words and snatched back his hand. "Did Gawain put you up to this mockery?" He started to stalk back up the incline. "It's beneath you, Tristan!"

The floor was wet with sludge and ice, as Galahad found when his feet went from under him. The jug hit the ground and rolled but did not smash - a small mercy amongst no others. He huffed out an exasperated breath, and lay flat on the cold, wet grass. Defeated by this day.

Galahad found himself roughly rolled and then Tristan was atop him, hands either side of his head, but bodies pressed together from the waist down. Galahad remembered his teenage imaginings and blushed first before he angered again and started to struggle.

"And now you are beneath me, pup." Another tease.

"Why taunt me Tristan?" Galahad snapped angrily.

"Surely you can feel that I don't taunt you." Tristan chuckled, pressing closer into Galahad so that the younger knight was in no doubt as to his true affection. He leaned in and captured Galahad's mouth. Galahad resisted for a moment, thinking it must still be some jest, but then Tristan was kissing him so deeply and with such feeling, he melted into it, not caring that his cloak was starting to become sodden beneath him.

By the time they broke apart, Tristan was moving slowly against him - their bodies rutting gently together - both of their desires now clear.

"Let me take you to your rooms?" Tristan was breathless as he muttered the words against Galahad's lips. Galahad swallowed and nodded in response.

"But... Why Tristan? Why now, I thought..."

"You thought I did not notice the way you look at me. Just as you have never noticed the way I look at you." Tristan huffed a laugh into Galahad's neck, where he began to nuzzle at the sensitive flesh there.

"And yet you have ignored those looks until now?" Galahad breathed out the words.

"I..." Tristan pulled back and smiled down at Galahad. "Today marks the death and birth of another year. Another year in which we both remain yet living when so many have fallen. Perhaps I realised that I did not want another year to pass not having known you."

"Perhaps-" Galahad grinned "-you just find me irresistible when I am grumpy."

"Yes. That too." Tristan returned the grin before pulling Galahad up with him and all but carrying the knight to his quarters. Their retreat lit by the devotional torches to the Gods that continued to see them live.

Naming The Source (Bev x Freddie)

Chapter Summary

Bev wasn't an idiot, this is Freddie Lounds after all

Migrated from my old Tumblr, originally posted there for LadiesofHannibal fest

 tumblr_oqbw3v5eWO1vostero1_1280

The attraction had been instant and apparently mutual, but Bev wasn't an idiot. She lay back and enjoyed Freddie's delicate fingers tracing circles over her skin.

"You know anything you tell me would be off the record." A statement, not a question. Bev frowned at her, a frown tinged with a softness she couldn't help.

"Ok, well I won't name the source." Tone playful

Bev cocked a brow, unconvinced. As always. Whatever this was, wherever it was going, she would never be a means to an end for Freddie Lounds. And she knew Freddie knew that as the red head's bright smile grew and she climbed up over Bev.

"Maybe I just need to work harder to convince you."

Bev pulled her into a kiss.

The Prince's Bull

Chapter Summary

Basic Chickens' Cinderella AU where...

Migrated from my old Tumblr, originally posted for HappilyEverAfter Fest

 prince bull

Prince Adam was given until his 25th birthday to find a love match, or else his parents would marry him off to another kingdom to create an alliance. He isn't much interested in love but doesn't want to be married off either, so he holds a masked ball on the eve of his birthday in the hopes of finding... someone.

Elias is the farmhand, servant and general dogsbody for his ugly stepbrothers. He dreams of being free, until one night a fairy visits him and tells him true love awaits at the prince's ball. She gives him a suit to wear, as white and sleek as a Charolais. A matching mask with the horns of a bull.

At the ball Adam dances with all, and with Elias thrice, as they talk about the general rudeness of people and the best way to strike someone with a rolling pin. Adam is smitten by the forthright ways of his bull.

At midnight the masks are removed and Elias is spotted by two of his brothers. Before they can drag him from the room he seeks the eyes of his prince. Hoping to impress upon him the already vast depth of his feelings. But he is removed by his brothers before Adam can move towards him.

Adam sends his valet far and wide across the land, telling him to find his bull before sundown or else be banished from the kingdom. He tears apart each and every home looking for the bull mask, until finally he sees a man. Such as the prince described, lumbering towards the barn of a great house. Within he finds the bull mask hidden in the bails of hay.

When Adam arrives at the home his valet has directed him to, he seeks out the barn as instructed. Within he finds his bull, in his cinder blackened rags, but instantly knows the man of his dreams. The someone he has sought. They make love there in the hay for the first time before they relocate to the palace to live happily ever after.

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